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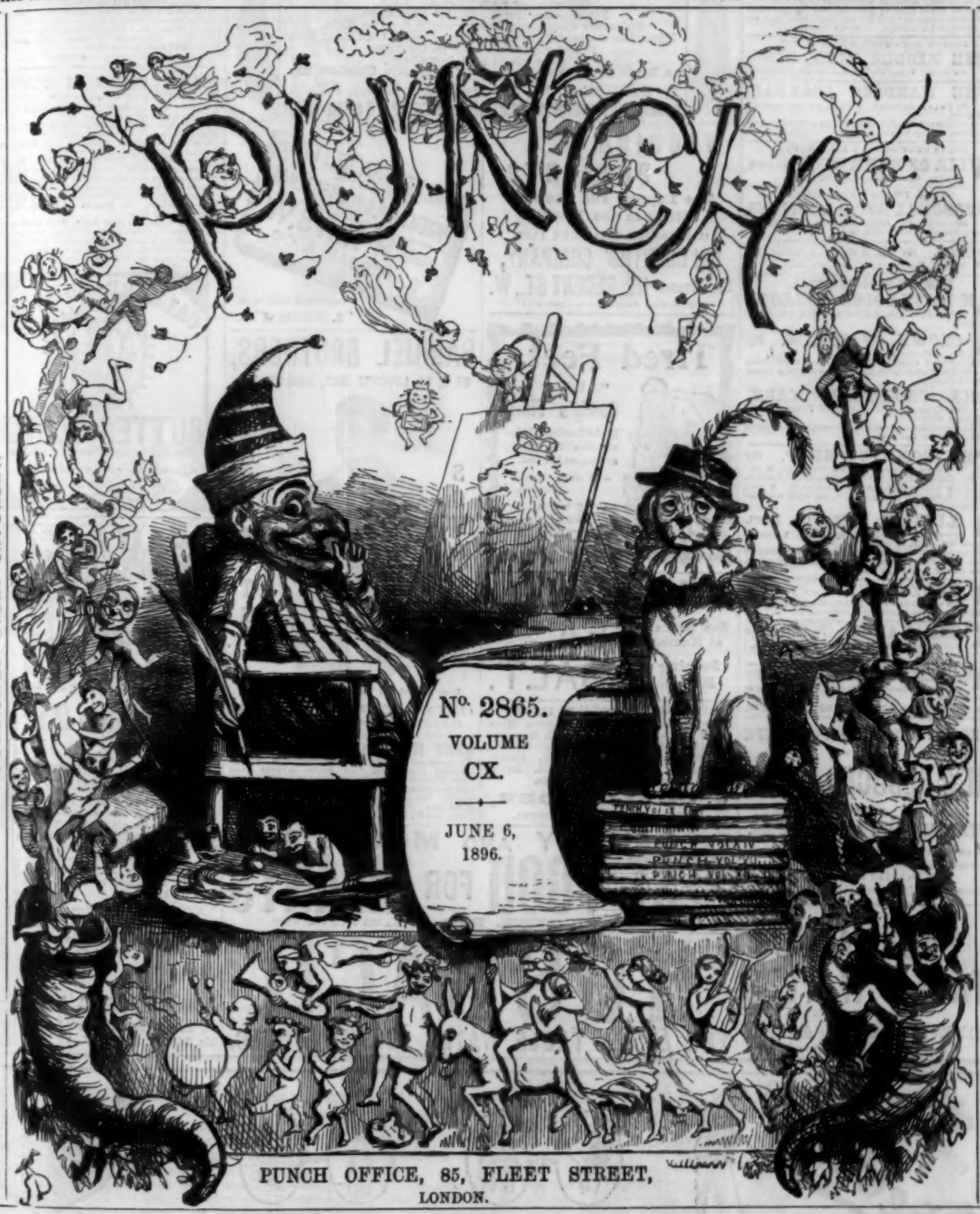

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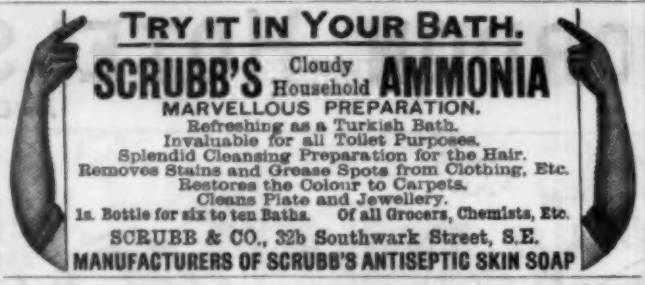

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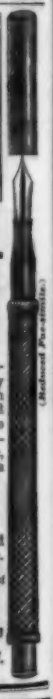

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NOMENCLATURE.

Errand Boy. "LOR! WOT 'S 'IS NAME, I WONDER? *BOOTLACES?*"

ROUNDABOUT READINGS.

MY BROTHER-IN-LAW.

THIS is the story, so far as it has gone, of a real brother-in-law, whom for the sake of convenience I shall consider as mine, while for the same reason I naturally assume myself to have married his sister, and (though not perhaps so naturally) to have been for some time settled in life as a barrister with a large and increasing practice.

WHEN I married ALICE, it was explained to me, both by the dear girl herself, and by all her relatives, that one of their chief joys in assenting to the match lay in the fact that henceforth little HARRY would have a natural guardian and protector. Little HARRY, the brother-in-law in question, was then a stripling of sixteen or seventeen, the age which makes a boy painfully conscious of the awkwardness of his hands, afflicts him with a furious desire to dress in the most marked extravagance of the latest fashion, and, if he happens to possess a father, fills him with shame over the hopeless cut of his parent's trousers, and the antiquated shape of his parent's top hat. If HARRY had possessed a father, all would have been well, but death had removed this prosperous merchant from the scene some ten years before ALICE accompanied me to the altar. By a curious freak, which I have never been able to explain, all her chief surviving relatives were of her own sex, and it was therefore assumed that I should not only make a home for ALICE, but also act in all respects as a father to HARRY.

FOR a time all went well. HARRY was at Eton, and only came to us during his holidays. Later on he went to Cambridge, and then our troubles began. I must explain that, by his father's will, a small, but sufficient, annual allowance had been provided for him until he should come of age, at which time he was to come into the possession of some thirty thousand pounds absolutely. HARRY is one of the most good-natured young men in the world. Nothing delights him more than to see all his friends enjoying themselves, and feasting and revelling at his expense. All his clothes were beautiful; his smoking suits were a dream; he played polo in white linen breeches and beautiful brown boots. His bedroom was littered with a hundred ties of every degree of gorgeousness; his toilet table was brilliant with his jewellery. The result of all this was that, before two years were out, he was in debt to various tradesmen in the sum of two thousand pounds; and, at a family conclave, it was resolved that Cambridge was not the place for him, and that some other step must be taken.

WE resolved, therefore, to send him to an army tutor, whose establishment was situated in a quiet part of the country, and who held himself out not only as the provider of a happy home, but also as a strict disciplinarian. In two months HARRY had set the country-side on fire by his own exploits and those of his dogs, and it became necessary, for prudential reasons, to remove him. In three months more he came of age, and startled us with the intelligence that he was off to Monte Carlo. We protested in vain. He put us aside with a smile, and started. Shortly afterwards we learnt from paragraphs in the *World* that "a young Englishman, said to be a near relative of a successful barrister, who lately contested a north country borough in the Conservative interest," had had an extraordinary run of luck at the *trente et quarante* tables, that the bank had been practically broken, and that all Monte Carlo was marvelling at the audacity of this young player. As it turned out, it was none other than HARRY. ALICE was quite proud of him. "There," she said, "you always said the boy was a fool—but I knew better. If he can win money against all those clever people at Monte Carlo he *can't* be a fool." She wrote and congratulated him; and I must confess that, in a quiet way, I was rather pleased myself when some of my friends rallied me in Court about the good fortune of my brother-in-law, and suggested that I should follow his brilliant example. In another month HARRY returned to us, *minus* twenty thousand pounds.

HE then said he was going to be a business man, and that some of his friends had put him into a real good thing. He gave us all beautiful presents, made my house his home, had a special breakfast at twelve o'clock in the morning, sauntered about town, visited all the race meetings, came home at the most unearthly hours, and in three months had been reduced to his last penny. The next suggestion made for his benefit was that he should try his fortune in British Columbia. He was away for a year, during which, according to his own account, he was six times on the verge of becoming a millionaire by means of silver mines. Something, however, always happened to prevent this desirable consummation; his partners swindled him, the government refused in the most dastardly fashion to make the necessary roads, the weather prevented work, the town was overwhelmed by a landslip, or the legislation of the United States ruined the silver industry. Whatever may have been the reason, my amiable brother-in-law returned as he went out, bringing home nothing but a large stock of strange oaths, a pronounced taste for inferior varieties of whiskey, and a shadowy claim to some twenty thousand acres of barren land in British Columbia.

(To be continued.)

THE HIGH-METTLED RACER.

[It is said that 6000 old horses have been imported into Belgium from England in one year, and afterwards killed and converted into tinned meat.]

EH? "The high-mettled racer is sold for the hounds?"
Nay, not whilst the Spirit of Commerce abounds!
He ran for the Derby, he crawled in a cab,
But not yet the horse-knacker his carcase shall nab;
Not yet shall the hounds or the pussy-cats part
His broken-down body, his plucky old heart.
Still money, if not Cups and Stakes, he may win.
The high-mettled racer is packed up in tin.

A potted Bucephalus yet has his price!
The notion is new, though it hardly sounds nice.
He won lots of cash when young, handsome and fleet,
And now he'll still turn in the "tin"—as tinned meat.
Not cat's-meat! Oh, no! Pack him up in a can,
And the horse, though no more, shall still nourish the man.
Despatch him to Belgium, when past all relief,
And the high-mettled racer returns—as tinned beef!

PRE-DERBY PRIÈRE.—The starting of *Regret* is (according to a telegram from the Duke of WESTMINSTER published in the *Sportsman* last Saturday) to depend on the rain. If he does start, his place will also, to a certain extent, depend on the rein, and the hand that guides it. May Jupiter Pluvius be favourable! May *Regret* be in for the struggle, and not be "*hors de combat*"! And may the Duke not have to exclaim, "*Regret* is useless!"

KING SOL AND KING CRICKET.

Dr. Grace (addressing the Sun). "BRAVO, OLD SOL! AS LONG AS YOU 'RE OUT, WE BATSMEN WILL KEEP IN!"

(*Vide verso, p. 267.*)

SO IT SEEMS!

"HAVE YOU EVER TRIED RIDING WITHOUT THE HANDLES? IT'S DELIGHTFULLY EASY, ALL BUT THE CORNERS."

!!!

THE TWO KINGS OF CRICKET.

(*King Sol and King Willow.*)

["MR. W. G. GRACE (in the match Sussex *v.* Gloucester, at Brighton, May 26–27) carried out his bat for a magnificent innings of 243, which is his twelfth score of over two hundred in first-class matches."—*Daily News.*]

"So ho! so ho! may the courtiers sing,
Honour and life to Willow the King."
Harrow Songs.

GREAT Helios, or Sol, if he didn't change places
With glorious Apollo, at least loved the Graces;
And GRACES may well love "Old Solus."
"This Bat" (unlike most other bats) loves the Sun,
And cries to the Ball "While Sol keeps up the fun;
We are game through an innings to drive, cut, and run,
And serenely defy you to bowl us!"

Old Sol, bless his beams, is the cricketer's friend,
The farmer may wish the long drought at an end,
But the Bat, who at spanking and run shines,
A GRACE or an ABEL, a STODDART or BROWN,
Is a faithful Sun-worshipper, country *or* town;
For the score will go up as the sunbeams come down,
And your Bat must "make hay whilst the sun shines."

"Make hay—of the bowling! the trundler may sigh.
Ah well, so he will, whilst the wickets keep dry;
But wait till 'Ju Plu' has a drench at 'em!
Then Ball will beat Bat, though the Bat were a JUPP,
Curly ones will come down with the pace of a KRUPP,
Will bump, and break both ways, and 'shoot,' and 'get up'
Till the bravest of batsmen will blench at 'em!

"Old Sol and the GRACES have no chance at all
When Jupiter Pluvius backs up the Ball.
But sun after shower! O, Jewellikins
Then, then the bright hour of the bowler will come;
Then GRACE and the Centuryites will look glum;
Then the Bat 'bags a brace,' and had better go home
And play at push-farthing, or spellikins!"

Well, well, the brave Ball will no doubt have its chance,
Meanwhile, how the pulse of the Public will dance
To see it cut, driven, or soaring!
A "boundary" for four or a "lifter" for six,
Whilst "the Prince" or "the Champion" keeps up his sticks!
For when ball after ball beats a slogger for *six*,
Even Cricket, *all* bowling, gets boring.

Sol, take him all round, *is* the cricketer's friend.
Bat, Bowler, *and* Public agree in the end,
We don't want *much* wet at the wicket.
And GRACE may well say, with his big, broad, brown grin,
"Smile away, good old Sol! You keep *out*, I'll keep *in!*"
Then the "Cornstalks" are with us; to give them a spin
We want sunshine,—not sawdust, chill showers, and wet skin.
Here's Australia's new team! May the best always win!
And hooray for King Sol and King Cricket!

ONE NEVER KNOWS.

SCENE—*Hansom cab. Outside, two large portmanteaux. Inside,* Mr. *and* Mrs. CAREFUL, *a dressing-case, and a big bundle of rugs.*

Mrs. Careful. Off at last! Really I thought I should *never* get those trunks packed, you would insist on so many extra things being taken.

Mr. C. My dear, I told you we might make a longer stay than usual this time; so that it was best to be amply provided.

Mrs. C. Well, we've got enough to last us two good months anyway.

Mr. C. (*with great anxiety*). Did you put in those tins of "pemmican," the biscuits, the spirit-lamp, and the beef extract?

Mrs. C. Yes, dearest; and I do hope you've not forgotten about the case of claret and the soda water.

Mr. C. BRIGGS is to meet us with them on the platform; he also has the medicine chest.

Mrs. C. (*vehemently*). Oh, I *knew* I'd left something out!—telegram forms.

Mr. C. Don't worry. I told BRIGGS to be *sure* to include them, with writing materials, in my "Gladstone."

Mrs. C. (*much relieved*). Oh, then, that's all right. We've got everything we can possibly need.

N.B.—From the above dialogue it might reasonably be inferred that the CAREFULS are starting upon a trip to Thibet, or a Polar Expedition. Not so. They are merely off for a "turn" on the Great Wheel, with the exhilarating chance of receiving a five-pound note each on their return to *terra firma*.

THE OLD LOVE AND THE NEW.

"For O, for O, the hobby-horse is forgot!"

Scene—*The Stables at Saddlesprings, the* Wheelers' *Country House near Bykersall.* Miss Diana's *Horse,* "*Bayard,*" *discovered in his Stall.*

Bayard (*talking to himself, as is the habit of some horses when alone*). I can't make it out. She's here. All the family came down yesterday—I heard the omnibus start for the station to meet them. And yet she hasn't sent for me; hasn't even been near me! She always used to rush in here and kiss me on the nose the very first—— She's ill—that's it of course—sprained her fetlock or something. If she was well, she'd have had me saddled as soon as she'd had her morning feed, and we'd have gone for a canter together somewhere. .... I hope she'll get well soon. I'm sick of being taken out by the stableman; he's so dull—no notion of conversation beyond whistling! Now, Miss Diana would talk to me the whole way.... Perhaps her hands and seat might have been—— But what did *that* matter? I liked to feel she was on my back, I liked the sound of her pretty voice, and the touch of her hand when she patted me after her ride.... (*He pricks his ears.*) Why, that's her voice outside now! She's all right, after all. She's coming in to see me!... I *knew* she couldn't have forgotten!

Miss Diana's Voice (*outside*). Yes, you might put it in here for the present, Stubbs. I suppose it will be quite safe.

Stubbs's Voice. Safe enough, Miss, there's plenty o' empty stalls this side. Nothing *in* 'ere just now, except——

Miss D.'s Voice. Very well, then. Just wipe some of the dust off the mud-guards, because I shall want it again after lunch. And mind you don't scratch the enamel taking it in.

Stubbs. Very good, Miss. I'll be keerful.

[*Miss* Diana's *steps die away upon the cobbles.*

Bayard (*to himself*). She's gone—without even asking after me! What has she been out in—a bath chair? I'm sure she *must* be ill.

Stubbs (*to the bicycle, as he wheels it in*). 'Ere, steady now, 'old up, can't ye? And don't go a-scratchin' *my* enamel with that blarsted near pedal o' yourn. Blest if I wouldn't rather rub down arf a dozen 'unters nor one o' these yere bloomin' bi-cycles. I know where I *am* with a 'orse; but these 'ere little, twisty, spidery wheels—— Come *over*, will ye. I'll lean ye up agen 'ere till I've 'ad my dinner.

[*He places the machine against a partition next to* "*Bayard's*" *stall, and goes out.*

Bayard (*to himself, as he inspects his neighbour with the corner of his eye*). It's *not* a bath-chair; it's one of these bicycles. It must be a sort of animal, I suppose, or Stubbs wouldn't have spoken to it. I should like to ask it one or two questions. (*He gets his neck over the partition, and breathes gently through his nostrils upon the handle-bars.*) Excuse me, but do you understand horse-language at all?

The Bicycle (*answering by a succession of saddle-creaks*). Perfectly. I'm a kind of horse myself, I believe, only immensely *improved*, of course. *Would* you mind not breathing on my handle-bars like that? it tarnishes the plating so. The saddle is the seat of *my* intelligence, if you will kindly address your remarks there.

Bayard. I didn't know. I'm sorry. I will in future. I don't creak myself, but I've been closely connected with saddles ever since I was a two-year old, so I can follow you fairly well. Didn't I hear my mistress's voice outside just now?

The Bicycle. No; *my* mistress's, Miss Diana's. I'd just taken her out for a short spin—not far, only fifteen miles or so.

Bayard. Then, she—she's quite well?

The Bicycle. Thanks, she's pedalling pretty strong just now. I'm going out with her again this afternoon.

Bayard. Again! You will have had a hard day of it altogether, then. But I suppose you'll get a day or two's rest afterwards? I know *I* should want it.

The Bicycle. Bless you, *I* never want rest. Why, I've been forty miles with her, and come home without clanking a link! *She* was knocked up, if you like—couldn't go out for days!

Bayard. Ah, she was never knocked up after riding *me!*

The Bicycle. Because—it's no fault of yours, of course, but the way you've been constructed—you couldn't go far enough to knock *anybody* up. And she doesn't get tired now, either. I'm not the kind of bicycle to boast; but I've often heard her say that she much prefers her "bike" (she always calls me her "bike"—very nice and friendly of her, isn't it?) to any mere *horse.*

Bayard. To any mere horse! And does she—give any reasons?

The Bicycle. Lots. For one thing, she says she feels so absolutely safe on me; she knows that, whatever she meets, I shall never start, or shy, or rear, or anything of that sort.

Bayard. I don't remember ever playing any of those tricks with her, however hard she pulled the curb.

The Bicycle. Then she says she never has to consider whether any distance will be too much for me.

Bayard. As for *that*—— But the longer I was out with her, the better I was pleased; she might have brought me home as lame as a tree all round, and *I* shouldn't have cared!

The Bicycle. Perhaps not. But *she* would; so inconvenient, you see. Now *my* strong point is, I *can't* go lame—in good hands, of course, and she knows exactly how to manage me, I will say that for her!

Bayard. Does she give you carrots or sugar after a ride? she did *me.*

The Bicycle (*with a creak of contempt*). Now what *do* you suppose I could do with sugar or a carrot if I had it? No, a drop or two of oil now and then is all I take in the way of sustenance. That's *another* point in my favour, I cost little or nothing to keep. Now, your oats and hay and stuff, I daresay, cost more in a year than I'm worth altogether!

Bayard. I must admit that you have the advantage of me in cheapness. If I thought she grudged me my oats—— But I'm afraid I couldn't manage on a drop or two of oil.

The Bicycle. You'd want buckets of it to oil *your* bearings. No, she wouldn't save by that! (*Stubbs re-enters.*) Ah, here comes my man. I must be going; got to take her over to Pineborough, rather a bore this dusty weather, but when a lady's in the case, eh?

Bayard. There's a nasty hill going into Pineborough; do be careful how you take her down it!

The Bicycle. You forget, my friend, I'm not a Boneshaker, I'm a Safety. Why, she'll just put her feet up on the rests, fold her arms, and leave the rest to me. She knows *I* can be trusted.

Bayard. Just tell me this before you go. Does—she doesn't pat you, or kiss you on your—er—handle-bar after a run, does she?

The Bicycle (*turning its front wheel to reply, as Stubbs wheels it out*). You don't imagine I should stand any sentimental rot of that sort, do you? She knows better than to try it on!

Bayard (*to himself*). I'm glad she doesn't kiss it. I don't think I *could* have stood that!

Same Scene. Some Hours Later.

Stubbs (*enters, carrying a dilapidated machine with crumpled handles, a twisted saddle, and a front wheel distorted into an irregular pentagon*). Well, I 'ope as 'ow this 'll serve as a lesson to 'er, I dew; a marcy she ain't broke her blessed little neck! (*To the Bicycle.*) No need to be hover and above purtickler 'bout scratchin' your enamel *now*, any'ow! [*He pitches it into a corner, and goes.*

Bayard (*after reconnoitring*). You don't mean to say it's *you!*

The Bicycle. Me? of course it's me! A nice mess I'm in, too, entirely owing to her carelessness. Never put the brake on down

that infernal hill, lost all control over me, and here I am, a wreck, Sir! Why, I had to be driven home, by a grinning groom, in a beastly dog-cart! Pleasant that!

Bayard. But she—Miss DIANA—was she hurt? Not—not *seriously*, eh?

The Bicycle. Oh, of course you don't care what becomes of *me* so long as—— *She*'s all right enough—fell in a ditch, luckily for her, *I* came down on a heap of stones. It'll be weeks before I'm out of the repairer's hands.

Bayard (to himself). I *oughn't* to be glad; but I am—I *am!* She's safe, and—and she'll come back to me after this! (*To the Bicycle.*) Wasn't she sorry for you?

The Bicycle. Not she! These women have no feeling in them. Why, what do you suppose she said when they told her it would take weeks to tinker me up?

Bayard (to himself—with joy). I think I can guess! (*To the Bicycle.*) What *did* she say?

The Bicycle (rattling with indignation). Why, all *she* said was: "How tiresome! I wonder if I can hire a decent bike here without having to send to town for one." There's gratitude for you! But *you* can't enter into my feelings about it.

Bayard. Pardon me—I fancy I can. And, after all, your day will come again, as soon as the Vet has set you up. *Mine*'s over for ever. (*To himself.*) Oh, why, *why* wasn't I born a bicycle!

METER OF GASLIGHT, ATONE!

(*"Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?" Who'll mete the Meters?*)

[In a recent case it appeared that a gas-meter had registered 20,000 feet too much gas within one quarter.]

AIR—"*Meet me by Moonlight alone!*"

METER of gaslight, atone!
Of your cheats we could tell a sad tale.
It seems that remonstrance alone
To Monopoly will not avail.
One must watch the sly meter instead,
To prove what its "registries" mean;
Or 'twill turn on whilst one is in bed;
'Tis the trickiest gauge ever seen.
Ah! Meter of gaslight, atone!

Gas-meters may do for the gay,
The thoughtless, who're all £ s. d.;
But for that twenty thousand to pay,
Which I have not consumed, won't suit me.
Oh! Remember a meter's a snare,
And though dearly your gaslight you prize,
Have your gas-meter tested with care,
And perchance it may open your eyes.
So, meter of gaslight, atone.

DOUBLE DUTCH AND EQUIVOCAL ENGLISH.—*England* says, wittily, that "if President KRÜGER wanted to teach us Dutch, he ought to begin with *short sentences.*" Yes, but OOM PAUL may perhaps retort that, if the Outlanders wanted to teach him "plain English," they ought *not* to have begun with mysterious *cyphers* and obscure *cryptograms.*

OMINOUS FOR THE UNIONIST CAUSE.—The Liberal candidate for the Wick Burghs is Mr. HEDDERWICK—doubtless a luminary, who intends to plunge into Parliament.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FINANCIER AND A ROWING MAN.—One feathers his nest, the other his oar.

PAINFUL REMINDER ON THE OARS DAY.—A corn.

HOSPITALITY.

Spokesman of Working Men's Club (on the occasion of their Patron's first visit). "AND WE 'OPES, SIR AS THIS 'LL BE *NEITHER* THE *FIRST* NOR THE *LAST* TIME AS YOU 'LL DEW US THE HONNER OF SETTIN' AMONG US!"

OBSTRUCTION IN EXCELSIS.

(*A Moan at a May Meeting.*)

THE modern maid to the meeting's gone,
With a hat like the Eiffel Tower;
With various species of fruit thereon,
And every description of flower.
Alas that a lady should crown her head
With a Babel tower *plus* a garden bed!

It looks like a city o'ercrowded with spires,
In a forest o'ercrowded by trees,
And one's neck with continual shifting tires,
But 'tis precious little one sees.
With bows, and blossoms, and grasses 'tis filled,
And the fowls of the air in its branches might build.

If you took an air from the reedy Thames,
And piled Covent Garden thereon,
You would have some idea of modern dames,
When they to the meeting have gone.
Obstruction in Parliament? Lor', what is *that*
To a modern maid in a May Meeting hat?

R. I. P.

["The steam-packets *Samphire* and *Breeze* have been put out of the Dover and Calais service, and sent to Tilbury."]

GONE to their resting place!
And oh! soon may their grave
Be found to grant a little space
Wherein to stow the *Waves!*
And we our chance of being ill bury
In dock-yard grave with them at Tilbury.

"BARBED WIRE."—An insulting telegram.

BALL-ROOM WHISPERS.

Archie. "BERTIE, SHALL I INTRODUCE YOU TO MISS CHOLMONDELEY-MAINWARIN', THAT ALGY 'S TALKIN' TO? PRETTY GIRL—AND CAPITAL SHOOTIN'!"

CONSULTING THE ORACLE.

(A DIALOGUE ON THE DERBY.)

Interlocutors, Mr. PUNCH *and a* Pretty Girl.

Mr. P. Going down to the Derby, my dear?

Miss P. G. (*with emphasis*). *You bet, Mr. Punch!*

Mr. P. Never, my dear; not even on *you!*

Miss P. G. Oh! I meant "you bet" in the American sense, you know; not as a charge against *you!* you dear, punctilious old thing! But *really*, now, do you *never*, NEVER, NEVER have a bit on?

Mr. P. I never have a *bet* on, if that is what you mean.

Miss P. G. Why? Are you a member of the Anti-Gambling League?

Mr. P. No! I never bet,—save, perchance, a few gloves with a pretty girl like yourself,—because if I did I *should always win*, and that is not "sport," you know.

Miss P. G. Oh, isn't it though? Just the sport I like!

Mr. P. Naturally! And, therefore, I'll have a dozen pairs with you on——

Miss P. G. (*eagerly*). Ah! on what, *Mr. Punch?*

Mr. P. (*astutely*). Oh, on any horse you like!

Miss P. G. (*pettishly*). Oh, bother! (*Coaxingly.*) I *do* so want a tip, you know, *dear* old thing.

Mr. P. You have one, my dear; a very pretty Tennysonian, "tilted" one, too!

Miss P. G. (*austerely*). I am sure, Sir, my tip is *not* tilted at all, but just as straight as—well, as I trust *yours* will be. (*Purrs persuasively.*) *Mr. P.* Slyboots!

Miss P. G. No, but really now, *entre nous*, and in *perfect* confidence, *can* I safely back *Persimmon?* I *do* so want the *dear* Prince to win! Don't *you?*

Mr. P. Look at my Big Cut, and see for yourself, Miss CLEVER.

Miss P. G. (*demurely*). Not as clever as *you* are, I am sorry to say. And that's why I come to you for advice.

Mr. P. I'll give it you, in verse:—

When lovely woman stoops to folly,
And finds too late that "tips" betray,
To do the square thing and look jolly,
The sportsmanlike thing is—*to pay!*

Miss P. G. Oh bother! That's only just what ALGY says—in prose—viz., "Pay up and look pleasant!"

Mr. P. (*politely*). The *latter* you must *always* do!

Miss P. G. Thank you—for nothing! At present, Mr. P., I am fishing for valuable "tips," *not* cheap compliments.

Mr. P. (*genially*). Very smart, indeed, Miss. You deserve——

Miss P. G. (*eagerly*). What?

Mr. P. (*gravely*). My best advice.

Miss P. G. And that is?—— *Mr. P.* Back——

Miss P. G. (*excitedly*). Yes—yes—yes? *Mr. P.* Nothing!!!

Miss P. G. Oh, you *aggravating*—— Well, well, I dare say you're quite right, and I'll really think over your counsel—next year. *This* year I have made quite a book on the Blue Riband, inspired largely by *loyalty*, I do assure you, and I *do* want the aid of your unerring judgment.

Mr. P. Artful little flatterer! Well, well, if you'll promise me never to "make a book," as you call it, any more, I'll do my best to help you square the present one.

Miss P. G. (*triumphantly*). Oh, thanks—thanks—thanks, *so* much! you *sweet* old darling! And what shall I do about *Persimmon?*

Mr. P. Well, you've read about those Outlander cyphers?

Miss P. G. (*dubiously*). Why, ye—e—es, of course. But what have *dear* Doctor JIM and those horrid Boers to do with the Prince and *Persimmon?*

Mr. P. Not much, perhaps. But there's a deal of talk about cryptographs and other secret writing just now. And my advice to you concerning the latter and your little "book" is couched in the key-phrase:

BLACK PRINCE MINUS ONE!

Miss P. G. Oh, but that is so *mysterious!*

Mr. P. All oracles are. And you consulted me as an Oracle, you know. *Au revoir*, my dear! Meet you at Epsom, and—I wish you luck!—better luck than "dear Doctor JIM's"! [*Exit.*

[*Private Key to Cryptogram.*—"Black Prince," *minus one letter*, may read either "Back Prince" or "Lack Prince."]

A DERBY FAVOURITE.

MR. PUNCH (*to* H.R.H. THE PR-NCE OF W-L-S, *owner of* "*Persimmon*"). "YOU 'RE A GOOD SPORTSMAN, SIR,—AND I WISH YOU LUCK ON YOUR FIRST 'DERBY'."

SPORTIVE SONGS.

AN OLD ETONIAN MUSES IN UPPER SCHOOL ON THE FOURTH OF JUNE.

BENEATH the busts of FOX and PITT
In Upper School the youths declaim
The lines of statesman, poet, wit,
Who little recked of schoolboy fame.
None ever deemed his transient voice
Would live to kindle boyish fire.
But even PORSON would rejoice
To know that Greek could lads inspire!

The old dead languages revive,
E'en spoken with our "foreign twang,"
And French and German seem to thrive
Where GRAY and SHELLEY thought and sang;
Where WELLINGTON his battles won
Before his jacket turned to "tails,"
And GLADSTONE burned for many a son
The Eton light that never fails.

Where ROSEBERY and BALFOUR too
Authoritative rules would mock,
And earned, as stripling traitors do,
Meet expiation on the block.
Those panels scored with inwrought names
Are tribute to Etonians past,
Who, at "my tutor's" or "my dame's,"
Gave not a thought to names that last!

I hardly hear the speeches made,
Can scarce the "Head" or AINGER see.
My memory needs not their aid,
My speech unheard is one for me!
I think how in this dear old school
I longed to test the unforeseen.
But now I know I was a fool,
And only mourn what might have been!

I see you sitting open-eyed—
The sun entangled in your hair;
You looked a dainty little bride,
So wondrous white, so purely fair.
Precocious youngster! How I wished
Our lives we could together tune!
For you I "absence" shirked. Then, "swished,"
Felt love-lorn on the *Fifth* of June!

DEFINITION OF THE START FOR THE DERBY.—Sent *from* Coventry.

NECK OR NOTHING!

(*By an Old Fogey, after a course of Fashion Plates.*)

OH, ladies! of loveliness little you reck!
Most fair is the feminine throttle;
But Fashion now packs up the daintiest neck
Till it looks like the neck of a bottle.
Destructive of shape, of sweet curve, of soft nape,
Are those wheel-frills—away let them trundle!
And what lover *can* dost on a fair female throat,
Tied up at the back like a bundle?
La Mode does its worst woman's beauty to blur,
To cramp, or distort, or enlarge her.
Now, a nice neck and head swathed in stiff frills or fur
Look too much like St. JOHN'S "on a charger."
"A neck like a swan," made for gazing upon,
Was a beauty in sweet *Annie Laurie:*
But when modish pride would disfigure or hide
Woman's throat, every man must feel sorry.

WHAT IT WILL COME TO.

THE man in front of the bookstall was quiescent. "But I assure you, Sir," repeated the attendant, "that this paper contains the latest news and the best written articles. It has correspondents in every part of the world, and its information is at once unique and reliable."

"But how about the city intelligence and the sporting?"

"Prophets of the most wonderful sagacity and success are in command, and have made the fortunes of thousands of readers."

"And Literature, Music, Art, and the Drama?"

"The very best critics give their finest work to the consideration of the subjects to which you refer."

The man in front of the bookstall wavered.

"Is it a large paper?" he asked.

"A very large one," was the reply, "but in a most convenient shape. You see it contains not only the news of the day, but all the best features of a magazine, and a cyclopedia."

"But considering present prices in journalism, it is very expensive."

"My dear sir," said the attendant, "I see it is best to be frank with you. I admit that it is not cheap. But look at the quantity and quality! Surely it is worth the money?"

"Well, I suppose it is," returned the man in front of the book-stall, and without more ado he paid the necessary—*farthing!*

MANY HAPPY RETURNS.

To know the day—your birthday, dear—
Was my desire, that once a year
Something for certain I might know
Of you when far away.
But calm reflection tends to show
'Twas folly to have wanted so
To know the day!

Because all days, where'er I go,
You know—they say maids always know—
I think of you morn, noon, and night,
In moods both grave and gay.
Could I do more if some kind sprite
Gave me the boon, the great delight,
To know the day?

And yet to-day with phrases trite,
But still with all my heart, I write,
Snatching a moment from my work,
To wish you joy alway,
Because—the truth I will not shirk—
Because—I've found you out in Burke,
And know the day!

"BE MERRY AND WISE!"

A NIGHT OUT, thoroughly farcical comedy, at the Vaudeville, most adroitly adapted (by somebody whose name isn't mentioned in the bill—why?) from *L'Hôtel du Libre-échange*, is, as the public has already discovered, one of the funniest and most mirth-provoking pieces that has been seen in London for some years. Time was, when, it is not improbable, the Licenser of Plays would have refused his permission for the performance of this farce as we now see it. *Mais, on a changé tout cela*, and that very large portion of theatre-goers, who dearly love a laugh, is fast becoming (some of the stricter sort would finish the sentence here, and reverse the words, so that they should read "becoming fast") temporarily attached to the light, airy, and utterly farcical plays, which are genuine pass-times, if only they be irresistibly amusing, sending away the audiences feeling as satisfied as were the spectators of the plays during the period of the Restoration, when they looked on the actors as puppets, who had "neither souls to be saved nor bodies to be punished." *Honni soit qui mal y pense*, and who is there but will thoroughly enjoy *A Night Out*, in company with Messrs. GIDDENS, SUGDEN, and WILLIAM WYES, assisted by bright Miss FANNIE WARD, earnest Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS, sprightly Miss PATTIE BROWNE, and the four charming daughters, in irreproachable *robes du soir*, of the Notary *Matthieu?*

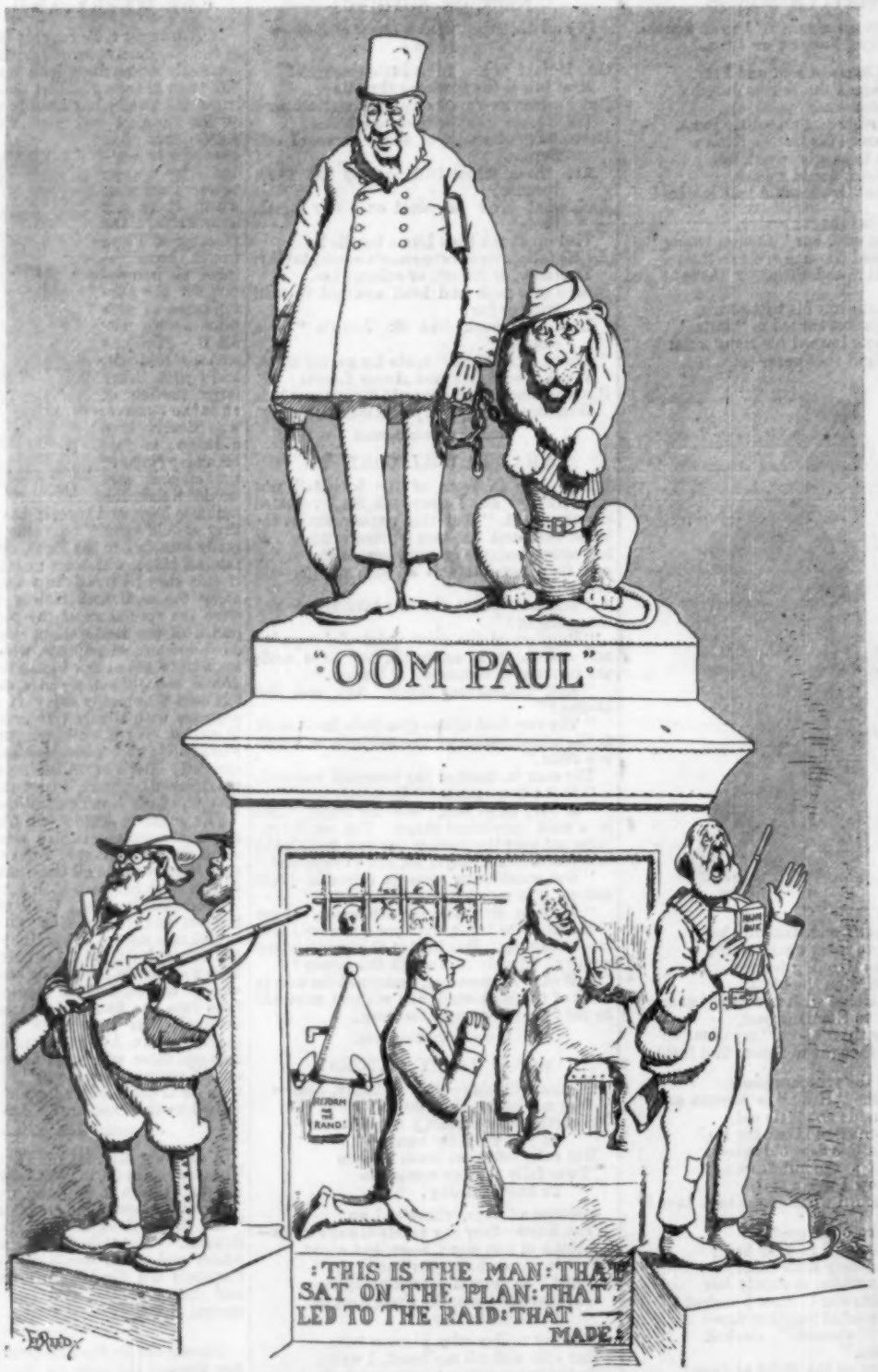
"I'm going to see *A Night Out* at the Vaudeville."

The scene in France—in what department is not mentioned—is still retained as in the original, though it would have been perfectly easy to have made all the characters English, and to have localised it in suburban London. It is admirably acted; the earnestness of Mr. SUGDEN and of Mrs. EDMUND PHELPS being in telling contrast to the light-heartedness of the two culprits, Mr. GEORGE GIDDENS and Miss FANNIE WARD. The studious nephew, who, of course, as is the rule in French farces, falls into the hands of the tempting chambermaid, Miss PATTIE BROWNE, is capitally played by Mr. AUBREY FITZGERALD; and, to sum up, those who want to thoroughly enjoy an "Evening from Home" cannot do better than go to the Vaudeville, and there be convulsed by the humours of *A Night Out*.

A CORRECT MISPRINT.—The *Daily News* of Thursday, May 28, in its account of Sir HENRY IRVING'S return to England, mentioned, as his "private secretary and manager," the name of "Mr. BRAIN STOKER," meaning "Mr. BRAM STOKER." But "Brain" is good: without it, where and what would BRAM STOKER be? Certainly *not* Sir HENRY'S private secretary and manager, and still less the author of several charming short stories.

PASSENGER (*in Parliamentary Train, which has stopped for over an hour on a siding*). "Hi, Guard! Are we on the Big Wheel?"

MOTTO FOR THE HOME FOR CATS AT HAMPSTEAD.—*La joie fait PURR.*



A REJECTED DESIGN FOR THE KRÜGER STATUE AT PRETORIA!

(By Our Own Insufferable Boer.)

BROKEN ON THE WHEEL.

First Lesson.—Held on by instructor, a tall, muscular young man. Thought it was so easy. Cling for dear life to handle, as beginners in horsemanship cling to the reins. Instructor says I must not. Evidently cannot hold on by my knees. Ask him what I am to hold on by. "Nothing," he says. How awful! Feel suspended in the air. That is what I ought to be. At present am more on ground; anyway, one foot down. Even when in movement position of feet uncertain. Go a few yards, supported. Muscular instructor rather hot and tired, but says civilly, "You 're getting on nicely, Sir." At this get off unexpectedly, and, when I am picked up, reply, "very likely," only my feet were off the pedals all the time. Then rest, and watch little children riding easily. One pretty girl. Wonder whether she laughed at me. Probably. Shall have another try.

Second Lesson.—Held on by another instructor, who urges me "to put more life into it." Hope it won't be the death of me. Work in a manner which even the treadmill, I imagine, could not necessitate, and get the wheel round a few times. Painful wobbling. Instructor says I must pedal more quickly. Can't. Rest a minute. Panting. Awfully hot. Observe little children going round comfortably. Pretty girl here again, looking as fresh and cool as possible. Suddenly manage to ride three yards unsupported. Then collapse. But am progressing. Shall come again soon.

BIRTHDAY HONOURS.

Mr. Smith. "I wish particularly to see Mr. Jones—I mean Sir James Jones. Is he in?"

Junior Partner. "He 's not in just now, Mr. Smith. But if it 's to leave any Message of Congratulation, I shall be very happy to deliver it."

Mr. Smith. "Yes. Please say that I 'm not astonished that Sir James has succeeded. Just look at this dirty old Hat that he left at the Club in the place of my Brand-new One!"

Third Lesson.—Endeavour to get on alone. Immediately get off on other side. Nearly upset the pretty girl. Polite self-effacement impossible when one is at the mercy of a mere machine. After a time manage better. And at last get started and ride alone for short distances. Always tumble off ignominiously just as I meet the pretty girl. Instructor urges me to break the record. Hope I shan't break my neck. Finally go all round the ground. Triumph! Pretty girl seems less inclined to laugh. Delightful exercise, bicycle riding! Shall come again to-morrow.

Fourth Lesson.—High north-east wind. Hot sun. Regular May weather. Clouds of coal-dust from track. Pretty girl not there at all. Start confidently. Endeavour to knock down a wall. Wall does not suffer much. Start again. Faster this time. The pretty girl has just come. Will show what I can do now. Career over large hole. Bicycle sinks, and then takes a mighty leap. Unprepared for this. Am cast into the air. Picked up. Can't stand. Something broken. Doctor will say what. Anyhow, clothes torn, bruised, disheartened. Dare not catch the eye of pretty girl. Carried home. Shall give up bicycle riding. Awful fag, and no fun.

Vive le Prince!—The Prince of Wales runs a colt called *Safety Pin*, which seems likely to be connected with a good deal of scratching this season. But H.R.H. also owns another animal in whose appellation the letters P.I.N. also appear. *Snaff. et curb. sap.*

THE DERBY A FEW YEARS HENCE.

(*By our Prophetic Reporter.*)

"Are we not fortunate in having so fine a morning?" exclaimed the hunter. "You are lucky, my friend, to see our national pastime at its best!"

"I have often heard of it," returned the Arab. "And it is so much better arranged nowadays than in the times of long ago."

"Well, yes," was the response. "The course is got over quicker than when we took it in hand; or, to be more correct, I should say in legs. A century since it was very popular with the Yahoos."

"And they never come now?"

"No, they have given up the grand stand, the hill, everything—save the course—to us."

"But why do they meddle with the course?" asked the intelligent foreigner.

"Because, my dear fellow," replied his friend, "the machines require jockeys as much as we did. In fact, even more, because, you see, we had intelligence, and did not work by machinery."

At this moment there was much neighing, and a good deal of horse laughter. It was evident that the great trial of speed was on the eve of being contested. Epsom Downs bathed in the sunshine was a sight to see. Masses of hay and oats were spread in profusion, shortly to be discussed at luncheon after the race had been decided.

At last there was a hush. Every horse, every pony, every donkey showed intense interest.

"They come! They come!" was the cry.

Then the machines, some of them propelled by steam power, others by paraffine, and others by electricity, appeared in sight. They passed rapidly, like a flash of lightning, and reached the judge's seat. In a moment more the numbers were up, and the event was a thing of the past.

The Derby Motor of 19— had been lost and won! And, this being so, the four-footed multitude, that had been doing nothing in particular for the last six hours but eating, shouting, and betting, returned, more or less contentedly, to their stables.

A NEW TIP FOR AN OLD TALE.

Sir,—In reply to your application for the name of the winner of the Derby, I beg to submit the annexed tip, which is about the best point to the required cue that it has ever been my privilege to furnish. Trusting that your readers and yourself will not fail to act in the customary way, and cheque a portion of their takings to the old prophet, I am, Sir, yours confidently, Darby Jones.

N.B.—You will notice that on these lines I have hung several hooks—

If the Derby by Saint be not won,
By Old Nick he will surely be done,
But do not forget
That there may be regret
When American fruit 's on the run.

The difference between Armenia and Crete.—Fleet action.

MEDIÆVAL ITALIAN DOG MUZZLE.

(*From a Mural Tablet.*)

OUR SPECIALLY RECOMMENDED SELECTION FOR THE DERBY.

(*By a New Hand.*)

I am glad, Sir, you decided to move with the times, and deputed me to give you and your numberless readers a real genuine put-your-last-dollar-on-it prophecy on *the* event of the sportive year. And having placed this confidence in my knowing-it-all-beforehand powers, I would not think of deceiving you. No, Sir, I would not descend to talking like some of the ignorant tipsters of the so-called racing papers, of "Old Solis," or "Ju Plu," or "'Appy o'Polly who drives the Fee 'Bus." If I had to ascend to classical particulars, I would remind you that the circus of the ancients was composed of the "*cavea*," the "*spina*," and some cypress trees, called by the good old sportsmen of those distant days the "*metæ*," or goals. I would suggest that "*ova*" or eggs were put up or down as each charioteer completed a "lap," in honour of those genuine contest-loving Johnnies dear old Castor and good old Pollux. I could write yards more in this line, if you could not get for yourself the whole bag of tricks—as I did—at first hand from *Dr. Smith's Smaller Dictionary of Antiquities.*

So leaving the classics—the pure gold of my book-shelves, and the spurious imitation of the ignorant tipsters of the so-called racing papers—I come to modern times. You want to know who is to win the event which has been very properly called "The Blue Riband of the Turf." And in these days of Stock Exchange surprises, of South African slumps, and cycle booms, when you scarcely know where you are or what you are doing, it is refreshing to get away from the heated atmosphere of Capel Court to inhale the hawthorn-scented breezes of Epsom Downs. And if you should be able to make a few pounds before "going home to tea," like the faithful mariner whose "heart was true to Poll," why shouldn't you? In these precious hard times, when you have to pay five-and-sixpence in the pound as rates, and the same old "sightpence" for income-tax, why, I repeat, why shouldn't you?

So I contend he who can pick out the absolute winner before it's printed on world-renowned "Correct Card" is a public benefactor. And, beforehand, let it be known I don't want a statue. No, not even if it could be done as old Horace hath it, "as easily as the nimble nine *dupondii*," by saying that the effigy alleged to be the late John Bright in the Lobby of the House of Commons was in reality intended for me. No, Sir, and ladies and gentleman all, don't insult me with statues, but send to me—as a mark of respect and personal goodwill—a small percentage of your winnings. However small a sum it is I shall be pleased, as it will be a token to me that I have given pleasure to others.

And now comes the momentous question—who is to win? I can tell you, and I am not going to beat about the bush, as some of the ignorant tipsters of the so-called racing papers do by saying in one line what they unsay in the next. What is the use of becoming invidious by particularising? When all the horses are good, why pick out the flower of the flock? If I did, I would be sure to hurt someone's feelings. It may be a certainty for the Prince, or the Duke, or the Baron. It's a pity it can't be as sure as nails for the three, as they are all and every one of them fine specimens of the best traditions of the British Turf. And mind you nowadays it's not all "*rara avis in terris*," which, by the way, must not be confounded with the talented gentleman who appears nightly at the Adelphi in *One of the Best.*

And having now said enough to show my preference, my fancy, I pick out the winner. I give you "one, two, three," so that if you don't secure the absolute first, you can at any rate come safe home with a place. Without further circumlocution or additional procrastination, I plump for—

The Field,

and have no hesitation as to the result. And now, please, print my name—sounding the second "i" short for special identification.

Ixion, the Wheeler.

OPERATIC NOTES.

Whit Monday.—The two De Reszkés, with all their wits about them, appear, John as *Faust*, and Edward as *Mephistopheles*. The latter, refraining from indulgence in that sort of humour which formerly made his *Mephisto* a "devilish amusing fellow, dontcherknow," is now more saturnine and satirical. Prefer his first reading, as more in character with the mocking fiend who wishes his victim to have a short life, but a merry one. *Mephisto* enters into the game as "the joker." He used to cower and snarl only when interfered with by objectionable persons with cross-handled swords; otherwise he was a jovial, cynical companion, full of impish practical jokes. Maggie Mac-intirely good as *Marguerite*; fresh as a daisy, and sad as a lack-a-daisical *prima donna* should be when she has come to grief. Opera in French. That accomplished M.A., or Mistress of Arts, Madame Bauermeister, good as ever, if not better than ever, in character of gay young thing *Martha*. Holiday House crowded, though many stall-warts away, taking their Whitsun holiday. Mancinelli conducting himself admirably. Orchestra out of sight, but not out of mind, nor out of time or tune. Never better. Chorus, perhaps, a trifle Whitmondayish.

"Cavalleria Rusticana."

Tuesday.—*Fra Diavolo*, as before, Bevignani in the chair.

Wednesday and Thursday.—Warbling Wagner nights, with Emma Eames, Plançon, and Ancona, in *Tannhäuser*, and Les de Reszké Frères, with Madame Albani, in *Lohengrin*. *Tannhäuser* excellentissimo. The Brothers at their best, as are Emma Eames and the others.

"Pagliacci."

Friday.—*Pagliacci* and *Cavalleria Rusticana*, always a charming couple, with a new *Santuzza*, Mlle. D'Alma; but we are waiting to see the second opera made into *Calvé-leria*, which will give it a fresh start. Pini-Corsi made quite a pleasant fellow of *Alfio*. But original cast preferred.

Saturday.—*Meistersinger* to commence at 7.30. When shall we dine? And if it is not over till past midnight, where shall we sup? These difficulties surmounted, we go to to-night's performance of *Die Meistersinger*. House crowded. Extra seats wherever they could be placed. Brothers Jean and Edouard de Reszké warbling Wagner in the choicest Italian, magnificently, with Plançon doing his level best, and David Bispham with M. Bonnard, an Englishman and a Frenchman, thoroughly entering into the Wagnerian fun of German low comedy. Emma Eames as *Eva* and Madame Bauermeister as *Maddalena* leaving nothing to be desired, except that Waggish Wagner should have given them more to do. Enthusiastic calls for everybody after every Act; and Merry Mancinelli dragged on by the Great Twin Brethren to take his well-earned share of the general congratulations. Splendid finish to second week's Opera. Druriolanus delighted. Wagner Victorious!

By our Thoughtful James in a Confectioner's Shop.—What is the natural companion to a *Bath* Bun?—Why, evidently, a *Sponge* Cake. [*Buys both and retires.*

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